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THE POOR STUDENT'S DREAM, OR, THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY G. H. WILEY, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

'And you think, Tom, I'll never be rich or
happy,' said Andrew Lindsay.

'You cannot be happy and poor,' answered
Thomas Weatherly, 'and that you'll always be
poor is as certain as that you are a visionary.'

'Then, the conclusion that I cannot be happy,
depends upon three propensities, not one of
which I admit,' replied Lindsay.

'I believe, in the first place, that a man can be poor and happy;
but tell me why you think I am a visionary,
since my being such is to be the cause of my
poverty.'

'Because,' spoke Weatherly, 'because you
differ so entirely from the rest of the world in
your opinions. You are too confiding, too gen-
erous and too peaceful, so to speak. All history,
biography, and tradition, as well as our own ex-
perience, teach us that men in this world, are
in a state militant. When you leave these class-
es, shades, every man that you meet up the street,
or on the highway, by the fire-side, or by the al-
tar, will be your enemy, and will, whenever oc-
casion offers, make you feel the truth of what
I say. You must arouse yourself, sir, and be ever
ready not only to strike in your own defence,
but also to be the aggressor when an unprovoked
arrogance comes in your way. We are all on a pi-
rate-see; and all the world is divided into two classes,
the devourers and the devoured.'

'Weatherly,' said Lindsay solemnly, 'that is
most detestable doctrine which you teach; I am
almost afraid of you.'

'Come, come,' replied Weatherly smiling, 'you
construe me too literally. I spoke in tropes, and
yet, alas! did I not speak truth? The other day
I was reading Waddy Thompson's book on Mex-
ico, and when I came to that part where he
speaks of the Sacrificial Stone, on which the an-
cient Aztecs slaughtered their human victims, I
began to moralize. Here, in Mexico, the origi-
nal inhabitants offered human victims at the
shrine of their deity: the Spaniards sacrificed
the Aztecs, and the Americans will sacrifice the
Spaniards. Is not the abomination of human
sacrifices still continued in that unhappy coun-
try? This is but a single instance, and I cite
it to illustrate my position. As it is with nations,
so it is with individuals; in some way or other,
every man is warring with his fellows, and he
that is not armed with selfishness, deceit and en-
mity, will stand no more chance of holding his
own, than would a government without navy or
army.'

'All this is the result of false philosophy, and
improper education,' answered Lindsay; 'there
are a few pirates, I acknowledge, in all commu-
nities, but the majority are honest, peaceful and
liberal. What the world wants is confidence;
each man knows himself to be just and reason-
able, he fears his neighbor—his neighbor fears
him. Now, for one, I intend to reverse this rule;
I intend to hold a window to my breast, and de-
ceive no one. I shall take it for granted, that
all are like myself until the contrary appears by
their conduct.'

'And I shall act upon the opposite principle,'
said Weatherly, 'and we'll see who is the more
successful. And by the way, how did your rule
work with the Cleavelands? From what
I've heard, I should judge that you've made a
bad beginning, and sacrificed a fortune to a
whim.'

'I don't know what you've heard,' answered
Lindsay, 'but I do know that the facts in regard
to the matter alluded to, have not transpired, at
least from me. They are simply these, (and I
tell them to you to show you how mistaken you
are in your suspicions.) You know how I stood
in my native village; you know that, poor as I
was, my father in G., would have been willing
to see me a member of his family. In the acad-
emy, I took the first distinction; in the debating
society, I ranked first, and at every party I was
not an unwelcome guest. Now, you must re-
member, that from my boyhood, I had been
taught to venerate the name of Cleaveland; the
old General was the richest man in the country;
he stood at the head of society, and was fore-
most in every good work. Of course, his child-
ren came in for a share of his popularity, and
Harriet Cleaveland was thought to be as near
perfection as it is possible for a child of mortali-
ty to be. While a mere girl, the fame of her
wit, grace, gentleness, and beauty, interested
me; I thought of her in every place, and finally,

I loved her in a certain way, before I knew her
except by sight. I have reason to believe she
thought of me in the same way; each of the oth-
er's good angel, and our future union was a mat-
ter fixed on in our minds, and in those of the
whole community. We often met as we grew
up; we were intimate, and yet when I left for
college, I had never breathed love to her in any
way.

'When I returned down on a visit some time
ago, she was nearly grown, and as she already
had several suitors, I thought it time to put in
my claim. I did not wish to address her: I de-
sired only to let her know I intended to address
her at some future day. This was a delicate
task, and learning that I should not be able to do
it satisfactorily *en tunc*, or by word of mouth, I
had recourse to my pen. Delicate, too, as the
matter was, and sensitive as I am, I felt it to be
my duty under the circumstances, to inform
Harriet's parents of my intentions, and I never
shrink from the discharge of any duty. Accord-
ingly I wrote her a note, couched in the lan-
guage neither too cold nor too tender, informing
her of my wishes and intentions, and to give her
a full opportunity of knowing me well, request-
ed permission to write to her. This note I re-
quested her to show to her father, and remark-
ed that if it did not return to me I should con-
sider my request as granted. It did not come
back, and I wrote to her weekly; I wrote, not
love letters, but letters full of love, full of my
heart. I wrote as I think and feel; I wrote of
books, of human life, of God and Heaven, of life,
death, and immortality. In a word, she read all
my thoughts; she saw my soul in a picture, and I
flattered myself, too, that her taste might be some-
what improved by the style and subjects of my
letters. Finally, in a fit of extreme tenderness,
and when my lonely situation was pressing heav-
ily upon me, and she was about to go to the
North to finish her education, I wrote a long let-
ter, requesting an engagement, and enclosed the
letter to her father. It came back to me ex-
actly as I sent it, excepting only the envelope di-
rected to General Cleaveland. I was indignant,
and hastily went home, wrote to her and gave
the note to a servant of her father's. The serv-
ant came back, telling me that she would not
receive it; I called and she was not to be seen.
I then requested an interview of her father; he
declined it, and I wrote him a long letter, giving
him all the facts and justifying myself, and then
came back to college. Now, wherein have I
done wrong?

'That question displays your simplicity,' said
Weatherly, lighting a fresh cigar. 'In the first
place,' continued he, 'you ought never to have
given the girl formal information of your inten-
tions, and secondly, you ought not to have hint-
ed the matter to the old man until you had got
the girl's consent. In such treaties,' says Judge
R., from the Bench, 'a certain degree of decep-
tion is allowable as necessary and is practised by
both the contracting parties.' You must not
woo a timid and giddy girl as if you were treat-
ing for the purchase of a tract of land—you
must dress to her taste, flatter, insinuate and
tease. You must study her weak points, hu-
mor her whims and in a word, secretly and sur-
ely wind yourself about her heart before she sus-
pects you, and then, when she is unguarded and
unprepared, assault her suddenly and violently
with a warm and eloquent speech, and press
your points until you force her consent. Then
bind her to you by the most solemn pledges,
commit her out and out before you break the
matter to her father. Thus you can then pic-
ture to him your mutual pledges; tell him of
your own fervent passion, and alarm him with
the prospect of having a heart-broken daugh-
ter.'

'I would not have any woman who had to be
thus wooed and won,' said Lindsay pettishly.

'Then you will have none,' replied Weather-
ly.

'Be it so,' answered Lindsay; 'be it so. If
Harriet Cleaveland is what I thought her, she
has no whims to gratify, and she would like me
all the better for my candor and my straight-
forward manly course; if she is not what I thought
her, I do not want her.'

'And this straight-forward, manly course,
as you call it, will get you into trouble with all
the world,' said Weatherly; 'it will not be appre-
ciated. You will only be giving others the ad-
vantage over you, and they will use it.'

'I don't believe it,' answered Lindsay; 'and
by the way, let me tell you of a dream I had last
night, and which impressed me much.'

'I dreamed that I was walking over the fields
where I spent the joyful days of my boyhood,
and that many tender and melancholy
recollections came crowding into my mind. My
early hopes and their too early blight were
remembered, and my thoughts were taking a
gloomy turn, when a very old man sudden-
ly overtook me. His locks were long and white,
and his limbs withered, and yet his face looked
 hale and hearty while his clear gray eyes twinkled
with a kindly lustre. He moved nimbly and
noiselessly, without a stick or crutch, and car-
ried on his back a large wallet which he handled
as if it contained something extremely valua-
ble.

'After our salutation and a few words of con-
versation, he looked me closely in the face as
he said, 'Do you wish to buy any books, young
man? I am old and wayworn, but I have all my

life been a pedlar and still follow the pursuit,
though sooth to say, I have never found my
trade a profitable one. Did I carry trinkets in-
stead of books, I would doubtless have met with
more purchasers; but still I manage to make a
living and to instruct mankind, which is my
chief aim.' At this we sat down, and as he open-
ed his wallet and began to tumble its contents
on the ground, he observed the sparkle in my
eyes and continued: 'Here is a handsome lot, is
it not? See how tempting are the tidings! Here
is 'The Road to Wealth,' here 'The Ladder of
Game,' and here 'The Multiplication Table of
Pleasure.' Here is a treatise on 'Hope,' and
here is one on 'Immortality'; here, Sir, is a book
on the 'Wonders of the World,' and here is one
concerning the 'Science of Witchcraft.' Rare,
curious and wonderful they all are; which will
you take?'

'I must look into them first,' I said: 'I see they
are all fastened with curious locks; will you
please to open them?'

'You must buy a venture,' replied the old
man; 'I'll teach you how to open it after you
have made my purchase. You seem to take an
interest in a work which has been a drag on my
hands; I sell very few copies of that, and they
only to very old or very sick people, who buy
when it is too late.' This was said in reference
to a very small volume which I held in my hand,
and which was entitled, 'How to Die,' and which
I finally determined to purchase. 'What,' ex-
claimed the pedlar, 'and you so young?' 'Yes,'
I answered, 'this is a subject which has always
interested me most: what's the price?' 'Young
man,' said the old dealer in books, 'when I find
a true philosopher I charge him nothing for that
book. It is, indeed, the most valuable of all;
the great business of life is learn how to die, and
wise are they who learn this lesson in time. I
am Time; in all my other books the purchaser
finds only the word Death, the sole legacy that
I leave for all. You have a treasure; you have
the keys of death; farewell!' At this, he van-
ished, just as things suddenly disappeared—
dreams, and I opened the book, and found in it
the simple and the single word *Loco*. As we
can, in dreams, I lived years after this; I was
lucky, and I was happy. I found a great heap
of gold, a countless treasure, the Cleavelands
made up with me, Harriet and I were married,
and we lived in great harmony, blessed and
happy. Now, what does all this mean?'

'It means,' said Weatherly, 'that before you
went to sleep, you had been building idle castles
in the air, and that your mind still kept at work
after your body was locked in the embraces of
Somnus. You surely cannot think it means any
thing more!'

'One part of it is prophetic,' answered Lind-
say; 'the only happiness is in preparation for
death, and the only preparation necessary, is to
love God and man.'

'Truly,' said Weatherly, 'you are worse off
than I had supposed: how do you understand
that commandment about loving our neighbor as
ourselves?'

'I understand by it, that we are not, like the
vain heathen, to scorn our own flesh and blood.
They, in their vanity, traced each one, his de-
sire from some god; we know, or ought to know,
that all men are flesh; that we are all *fratres*,
parts of each other, and that the simplest and
only way, therefore, to be happy, is to be kind
to one another. We are all of the same house-
hold, and when this household shall cease to be,
divided against itself, then, and not till then, will
it be happy.'

'Lindsay,' said Weatherly, 'what on earth
put this stuff into your head?'

'My dream set me to thinking,' answered
Lindsay.

'And turned your brain,' replied his friend.

'We'll see,' was the answer.

'Yes, we'll see,' said Weatherly; 'good night,
and golden dreams to you again.'

CHAPTER II.

Andrew Lindsay began the world poor, and
in the language of his friend Weatherly, he
seemed destined to be a poor man all his life.
He had a mother and one sister, who was im-
mediately dependent on him, but who lived on
the proceeds of an estate so small that nothing
but the high character of one, and the accom-
plishments of the other, could have kept them in
good society. As to Andrew, his abilities and
his virtues were undoubted; and yet, although
regarded by all as a most promising young law-
yer, he got very few cases, and was never paid
for what he did. He was a favorite in every
family except that of Cleavelands, and even
there he was kindly received, especially after
Miss Harriet had been sent to a northern city to
finish her education. At length, however, Lin-
say's ambition was aroused, and he determined
to try his fortunes in a larger field. His friend,
and college classmate, Thomas Weatherly, had es-
tablished himself as a merchant in Baltimore,
and to that city, famous for great lawyers, An-
drew Lindsay started without the means of half
a year's support and with a very slender library.
He had no letters of introduction, and he knew
no one but Weatherly, and a few young men
whose acquaintance he had made in the country.
These young men belonged to a class familiar-
ly known as 'drummers,' a designation which
they have acquired while *drumming* over the
country for the purpose of extending the busi-

ness of the houses in which they are clerks.—
They are a peculiar race, an anomaly in the
population of every city; they are, many of them,
at least, well-educated, well-bred and most res-
pectably connected, and yet their employments
in which they live, while their accomplishments
unfit them for the enjoyment of low and vulgar
pleasures. Thus they are, in a measure, iso-
lated from the rest of the world, while they be-
come, in consequence, animated with a strong
esprit du corps, and eminently sympathetic in
their feelings. With a large number of these,
Andrew Lindsay soon became acquainted, and
between him and them sincere and strong at-
tachment soon sprang up. This saved him from
starvation; his jolly young companions drum-
med for him as well as for themselves, using their
utmost exertions in his behalf, and never failing
to give him a puff whenever an opportunity of-
fered. Through their influence he was employ-
ed to write a series of tales for a literary period-
ical, and these stories, displaying as they did a
native energy, and richly stored with useful and
entertaining knowledge, very soon gave the au-
thor a name in the world if he did not put
money in his purse. Still he did not prosper;
he gave to every beggar who assailed him in the
streets, indulged his debtors, and never stuck
for the best end of a bargain. He was not waste-
ful or profusely generous; but he rigidly adhered
to the maxims which he had inculcated while
at school, and felt it to be his duty to assist those
who called on him for aid and who were worse
off than himself. This was his rule, and though
he would not furnish any one with means to be
used for unworthy purposes, he was ever de-
lighted to help to the necessities of life those
who were not able otherwise to get them. In a
word, he looked on all mankind as being a part
of himself; he was the friend of his race and
tried to make himself pleasant to all. In the
meantime his own wants multiplied; his business
did not increase, his clients would not pay him
when they could, and his creditors began to
complain. He could not endure the slightest
imputation of dishonesty, and the reflection that
he was unable to pay his debts now tortured him
every hour. He thought he deserved success
and would therefore be favored by Providence;
but ill-luck attended all his speculations. His
lottery tickets never drew anything; his clients
generally failed, and his literary labors, although
very acceptable to the reading public, brought
him less compensation than authors generally re-
ceive. Lawyers not half so able, and writers
infinitely his inferiors, made more money than
he did; then less useful and less deserving drew
prizes in the lottery, and worse characters were
more respected. Still the good nature of An-
drew Lindsay was unconquerable. Still he con-
scientiously followed what he conceived to be
right, even though the Golden promise of Old
Time had not been fulfilled.

One day, while laboring under a heavy de-
pression of spirits, and while listlessly sauntering
along Baltimore street, meditating on the utter
vanity of all human hopes, his ears were assailed
by melody to which they had long been stran-
gers. It was the sound of a violin, touched by
no 'practise hand,' and the air was one of those
plaintive, simple melodies, which even in the
hardest heart conjure up a thousand tender re-
ollections of home and childhood, and the good
old times that are gone. It was strange to hear
such music in such a place, and stranger still
was the musician who discharged it. He was a
feeble old man, whose white locks were stream-
ing over his shoulders, and whose withered limbs
were trembling with age. His slightest robes
were deep-sunk beneath his furrowed brow, his
worn and shabby garments hung loose upon him,
and he moved with a feeble and faltering step.
A small boy held him by a torn and faded strip
of handkerchief attached to the collar of his
coat, and slowly the old bard moved along, his
lips moving as if in silent song, and his heart
holding commerce with the skies.

What a sight was that for the contemplation
of the young philosopher, and what a train of
thought did it awaken! Here was one on whom
the world had bestowed its rudest buffets; one
who for three-score years, perhaps, had borne the
whips of Time, and the thousand ills that flesh
is heir to, even until his eyes had grown dim,
his strength wasted, and life had lost its savor,
and yet his heart had retained the freshness of
his youth, and he gazed about, discoursing the
Heaven-born harmony of his soul among the
children of strife and discord.

Poor and wan, and shabby as he was, his sub-
lime calling instantly arrested universal atten-
tion; one touch of Nature makes the whole
world kin, and all the tolling, striving and sin-
ful sons of men felt at once rebuked by the les-
son which the old man taught. For an instant,
the merchant, the usurer, the lawyer and the
pharisee, the laborer, the beggar and the hard-
ened rogue, forgot each one, his vocation of
life, and for a moment the Old Adam left their
hearts, their eyes met in kindness and they knew
themselves for brethren. Such was the effect
produced by the sight of an old man making his
way through the world by harmony. Heart-
strings and pulse-strings were opened; faces
laxed for a moment as their owners dropped sil-
ver into the old man's pockets. Boys, old men,
and meek-eyed maidens crowded about the aged

fiddler; the pouches at his sides were a common
ground, where hard and horny, and white and
jewelled hands were for once mingled together,
and he himself an object around which the high-
born and the low, exchanged for once fraternal
glances of recognition. He passed on, and Har-
mony, glad daughter of the skies, walked by his
side, flashing a momentary light of Heaven
around, and then leaving the grim spectres of
discord to take her place and torment the
world.

As for Lindsay, he was so fascinated with the
vision that he followed it, for a while scarce
knowing what he did, and lost in his own med-
itations. He followed, that the spell which had
come upon him might not be broken, and he
wished, too, to find out where the singular mus-
ical apparition lived. He managed to escape the
notice of the boy who led the old man, and
as the street became less frequented, he fell back
further in the rear. Thus he continued until
he reached a poor and squalid part of the city,
and then the old man's music ceased. He still
moved on, however, mending his pace, and as
Lindsay thought walking more firmly, when sud-
denly he disappeared through a cellar door.

The young lawyer determined on an adventure,
followed after, arriving in a damp, dark, subter-
ranean chamber, just in time to hear the old
man order his boy to bring him immediately a
plate of oysters! The command rather surpris-
ed Lindsay, and he was still more astonished at
the tone of voice in which it was given, and so
he concluded that the aged fiddler was stouter
than he looked to be. He had not time, how-
ever, to make many reflections, for he soon
found himself confronted by the person who had
so strongly interested him.

CHAPTER III.

The fiddler, after a time, yielded his con-
fidence to Andrew Lindsay, and briefly told him
his history. He was, he said, not quite as old
as he looked, and instantly shedding his wig and
beard, and some portions of his dress, revealed
himself a hale and handsome youth, whose eyes
had not yet closed on the beauties and good
things of this world. In short, John Mason (for
such he announced himself), was the son and
heir of a wealthy and aristocratic house; but for
the last year he had been hard run for money.
He had been rather extravagant while at col-
lege, near a large city, and far from home, and
his father, a strict and austere man, had deter-
mined to leave him, he ran off, determined to see
the world. In a short time his money gave out;
then went his watch, and at last in an evil hour,
and while in Baltimore, he pawned a jewel, to
part with which on any terms was an ineffea-
ble disgrace. Remorse, sobriety, with its thousand
scorpion stings pierced his soul, and his con-
science became to him an intolerable hell. He
went back in two days to redeem the pledge,
but he lacked twenty-five dollars; for this he of-
fered in vain his trunk and nearly all his clothes.
After a fierce conflict with himself his resolution
was taken: he paid his bill at the hotel, removed
to a miserable cellar in the suburbs, and de-
termined to redeem, in some way, his pledge.

He remembered having seen a blind fiddler
in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and the effect
which his appearance and his music produced,
and as he was himself a good musician, he hop-
ed, by exactly imitating the old fiddler, to cre-
ate a similar sensation. The result of his first
effort the reader already knows. Lindsay here
saw a fair field for benevolent enterprise; here
was a chance of making himself happy for a time
at least. He looked upon the youth as having
been thrown in his way for the good of each,
and forgetting his cares, his poverty, and his
creditors, he devoted himself to young Mason
with as much cheerful energy as if he were en-
gaged in some grand invention. He assured
his young friend that he should get his pledge,
and be restored to his friends. 'I may get the
pledge,' said Mason, 'but my friends I shall see
no more. I have disgraced myself, and lost my
own self-respect; there is taint on my soul, and
there it will stick till the day of doom. No sir,
no sir; my resolution is stern and fixed. When
I leave here I shall change my name, join the
army or navy if I can—and if not, become a
wanderer over the earth, sick of life, and yet
afraid to die.'

Lindsay, animated with a noble purpose, long
and anxiously combated this mad resolution;
long and kindly, wisely and tenderly, nursed his
patient, and soon began to hope to be able en-
tirely to redeem the mind of the erring youth
from that deep gloom of despair into which he
had fallen. It is godlike to create, thought he;
I cannot make a man, but I can help to build
one up, to rescue his soul from eternal shame.
With such generous views, he attached himself
to Mason, visiting him often, sleeping with him,
and gradually purifying his heart and infusing
in it a healthful feeling. At last the two friends,
by their joint efforts, raised one hundred dol-
lars, and with this sum they hastened to the
pawnbroker's shop. Mason himself fairly flew
along the streets, leaving Lindsay far behind
him, and exciting the wonder of every pater-
familias. When Lindsay arrived at the door of the
pawnbroker's office or shop, Mason, seizing him
by the arm, hurried him away, and neither
spoke a word until they arrived at the town's
office, when the latter, taking on his knees and
clasping his hands, cried, 'Oh God, I thank

thee! The friends rose, the eyes of each swim-
ming in tears; and Mason, silently handing a
massive golden locket to Lindsay, the latter op-
ened it, and found, set with diamonds, the min-
iature of Harriet Cleaveland! Yes, the more
he gazed, the more was he confirmed, until his
eyes grew dim, his brain reeled, and staggered
to a chair, stammering, 'And is it her, sir? Is
that her likeness?' 'It is,' answered Mason,
'the likeness of Harriet Cleaveland.' 'Did she
love you?' asked Lindsay; his eyes rolling wild-
ly in his head. 'I see the sarcasm,' said Mason;
'but you must know I was not always what I
now am. She does fit—she cannot love me
now, sir; and when I return her affections, she
will present me, we will part to meet no more.'

'We must part,' muttered Lindsay with a chok-
ed voice; 'if we don't, I'll hate you.'

They did soon part; Mason to return to New
Orleans, as he said, and Lindsay to indulge in
the bitter reflections awakened by the disastrous
results of all his benefactions. Well, thought
he, God made him and the devil, and they re-
belled; shall I hope for more gratitude than this
Doity received?

CHAPTER IV.

The affairs of Andrew Lindsay, had arrived
at a crisis, and he considered himself a ruined
man. His debts were not large, but he could
not pay them; his business fell off, his creditors
abused, and even Thomas Weatherly neglected
him. It is said, that a good man struggling with
adversity is a sight pleasing to the gods; no doubt
it is, thought Lindsay, and this makes them keep
good men in trouble. However, he had the
mens sibi conscia recti, the pure conscience, and
he defied all the storms of Fate, resolving still
to adhere to his early opinions and habits, and
if he fell, to fall a good man. About this time,
when knocks at his door made him nervous, he
was roused by a gentle tap, and admitted a ser-
vant, who handed him a note, and vanished.—
Another day, thought he, as he tremblingly
broke the seal; but what was his astonishment
as he read what follows:

'Dear Sir:—This letter is confidential, and
must rely on your honor to return it when called
for. Do you not wish a fortune? And will
you agree to one with my daughter?—and is
young, handsome, amiable, and agreeable in
conversation, and what is still more to the point,
she has a large estate, and far from home, and
she wishes to know, is it you would marry such a
girl, and take a large fortune with her—her se-
cret love for you; and your high and estimable
character, are my only reasons for making this
offer. I had rather have you than any man liv-
ing, for my son-in-law, and I am sure she herself
prefers you.'

'Show this to no one, and address A. B.,
through the post office.'

Although Andrew Lindsay was perfectly safe-
satisfied that this was a mere trick, and intended
for sport by some heartless wag, he did not hes-
itate to reply. He made it a rule to net always
as if he believed what was asserted; until he
caught the writer or speaker in a falsehood; and
he was himself candid to all persons and on all
occasions.

Accordingly, he replied to A. B.'s note, as fol-
lows: 'Dear Sir:—I do want a fortune, and I
do want a wife; but I do not want your daugh-
ter. I doubt not she is more worthy than you
have described her; but I do not love her, and I
cannot love her. Your note is herewith return-
ed.'

This did not satisfy the scheming or mischiev-
ous A. B., for soon he addressed another and
longer letter to Lindsay, solemnly declaring his
sincerity, and asking if that was all Mr. Lindsay
wished to be satisfied of. The young man can-
dily admitted, that he believed the whole to be
a quiz, but returned his inability to love Miss
B., should she be a reality. Thus the corres-
pondence was kept up for several days, Lindsay,
in the meantime, avowing his attachment for
another, and telling, too, where she lived. No
sort of inducement could induce him ever to
think of marrying another; and this he persist-
ed in, although he knew that he could never
hope to wed the one he loved. He agreed how-
ever, to see the fair Baltimorean, who had so
honored him by her preference; and on a cer-
tain night, repaired to the house designated for
the meeting. It was to call for Miss B., and
the old man who declared that his daughter did
not see his letters, although she saw Lindsay's,
was to meet his young friend at the door, usher
him, and disappear.

All things happened according to appoint-
ment; an old man, muffled up, met Lindsay at
the door, and carrying him through a dark pass-
age, ushered him into a private parlor, crying,
'My daughter, Mr. Lindsay! Was the latter in
a trance? He thought so, for he gazed at the
beautiful, blushing, trembling girl before him as
if she had been a fleshless visitor from another
world, while she seemed herself ready to swoon.
At length he took her cold white hand, mutter-
ing, 'Miss Harriet—how—where—where—are
you?' 'I thought you had forgotten me,' said
she with a voice choked with emotion, and sud-
denly releasing her hand from his, 'I wished,'
she continued, striving in vain against the tears
that dimmed her eyes, 'I wished to see you once
more—I thought you might be glad to see your
early friend.'

'But John Mason, who, what and where is

NO.

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